THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

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THE WATER LILY.

O star on the breast of the river!
  O marvel of bloom and grace!
Did you fall right down from heaven,
  Out of the sweetest place?
You are white as the thoughts of an angel,
  Your heart is steeped in the sun—
Did you grow in the Golden City,
  My pure and radiant one?

Nay, I fell not out of heaven!
  None gave me my saintly white!
It slowly grew from the blackness,
  Down in the dreary night.
From the ooze of the silent river
  I won my glory and grace;
White souls fall not, O my poet,
  They rise to the sweetest place.

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary

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W. W. FERRIER.....Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

A GREAT LOSS COMING TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

For several weeks rumors were going around that the Rev. Charles R. Brown, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, was seriously considering the matter of resignation. A few days ago Mr. Brown came to a decision, framed his resignation and called together the church board, consisting of twenty-one persons, Tuesday evening this week for consultation. After the matter had been laid before the church board there were none who could say him nay as to the desire to bring it before the whole church at once for consideration.

The Pacific goes to press Wednesday afternoons. The resignation will be read at the prayer-meeting tonight.

At our request Mr. Brown kindly furnished us a copy of it. It is fitting that his friends in the churches all over the Coast should read in his own words his reasons for resigning from the work in which he has led so successfully for fourteen years; we therefore give, before any words of our own, his letter of resignation:

Oakland, Cal., October 26, 1910.

To my Good Friends in the First Congregational Church of Oakland, California.

I am now on my fifteenth year of service as your pastor. Your love and your loyalty, your generous and unfailing kindness shown to me in a thousand ways, have made the time seem short and have rendered these years the happiest years in all my life.

The spirit of peace and harmony has been characteristic of this Church in all its history. It is now completing the fiftieth year since its organization, and in all that time it has had but three pastors, my own pastorate being the third. The same splendid co-operation which was given to my honored and beloved predecessors, Dr. George Mooar and Dr. J. K. McLean, has been given in abundant measure to me. I can never ask or wish for anything better than your own devotion to the cause of Christ and your unwearying loyalty to your pastor.

I have received the most generous kindness not only from this church, but from my fellow-pastors in the city, Protestant and Catholic, from the people of the community, from the directors of the charitable institutions, from the civic authorities and from the daily papers. All this has served to lighten the labors of these busy years and to fill this service with a deep sense of joy.

The church has grown until it now has a membership of nineteen hundred. Added to this are several hundred pew-holders, who are not members of the church and several hundred other families who have children in our Sunday schools. All these families look to us for pastoral service in times of joy or of sickness or of sorrow. The further fact that I have been here longer than any other Protestant pastor in the city, save the minister of one German congregation, makes it natural for a great number of other people to turn to me when any pastoral service is needed. The demands have become so many and so serious that I do not believe, in justice to you or to myself, I can carry this heavy burden any longer. I feel that it must be shifted to other and to fresher shoulders.

The doctor tells me that for two years past I have not been far from the edge of a nervous breakdown, that if such a break came it might require years to regain lost ground, that if I would avert it now, rest and change are imperative. During the six months following the earthquake, I lost thirty pounds in flesh without ever being actually sick for a day. It simply went in that rapid consumption of vitality which we all experienced in those trying times, and it has never been regained.

The pace of our modern life is so sharp, the demands of a large city parish are so exacting that I have been led to wonder if the old settled pastorates of a generation ago, where ministers were installed over parishes for life, are any longer possible. I am confident that it is now best for the larger interests here that I should hand over these responsibilities to some one whom you will choose. I am therefore impelled to tender you my resignation as pastor of this church, to take effect December 1, 1910. As I was installed by Council, I will ask that you join with me in calling an ecclesiastical council of dismission.

I have never in all these years sought any other field of labor, although invitations to such fields have sometimes come to me. There are at present three doors of opportunity open. I speak of this at this time because you, as my true and loyal friends, will naturally be interested in my own future as well as in the future of this splendid church. I have been offered the pastorate of a church in the East; I have been offered a place on the International Foundation for the promotion of the cause of international arbitration—this appeals to me strongly because I have for years been deeply interested in that whole question; I am also considering a position in educational work. Two of these openings I have had under consideration for the last eight months. I am planning after the close of my work here, to take some months for complete rest and in that time of rest, to look over the ground and decide which one of these three I shall accept as my future work.

It will be a great wrench upon my heart to leave Oakland. In the happy fellowship of these years of common service, my own life has been so interwoven with the life of this church and with other interests educational, civic and industrial in the wider community, that I can scarcely bring myself to think of it as apart from this service which has been to me a sacred and joyous privilege.

I have received with the profoundest gratitude the many, many expressions of your generosity. I have enjoyed the sweet hospitality of your homes. I have known and loved, I have baptized and instructed your children. I have been with many of you in times of disaster and in days of bereavement. I have formed here friendships which I shall cherish as long as I live. And for all this I thank you and I thank God. And may He who watches over our going out and our coming in, have all our interests within His holy keeping, now and always.

I am, in the bonds of Christian faith and hope and love,

Your friend and pastor,

CHAS. R. BROWN.

This resignation may not be accepted tonight. But The

Pacific regards it as final. Mr. Brown will not reconsider; the resignation will be accepted, and early in December he will take departure for the East where he will look over the several fields of work which have opened up to him and by the first of the year will make decision.

Among the requests already coming to him to reconsider is one from the Oakland Chamber of Commerce. A meeting of the board of directors was held on Tuesday, at which meeting high tribute was paid to Mr. Brown "because of his identification with every effort which had tended to the civic advancement and social uplift of Oakland"; members voiced the great regard in which he was held "both as a citizen and as a clergyman," and the secretary was instructed to convey to him an expression of the esteem of the Chamber of Commerce, and an expression also of the hope that he would come to "a conclusion favorable to remaining as a resident of Oakland and so an effective factor in the upbuilding of the city."

It is not surprising that Mr. Brown should feel that he can better do his part in the work of the world, after fourten years in this Pacific Coast field, by a change to one of the places of new influence now opening up to him. Two or three or more times in the past he has yielded to the persuasions of his church and has declined work which appealed strongly to him. The whole Coast will part with him with great reluctance, but generally will there be acquiescence in his judgment as the right thing in the circumstances.

While he remains in this work which has occupied him so closely these fourteen years, even long vacations and periods of rest will not suffice. One month after he came home from his trip to Japan this year he was as worn and weary as he was before he went away.

It will not be easy for Mr. Brown to decide which of the positions he will accept. Eminently sucessful in the pastorate, he will be strongly drawn to accept the call from the influential Eastern church; but he sees also an opportunity to make his life count mightily as one of the six members of the Foundation for the Promotion of International Arbitration and world-wide peace; his heart is there also; and no one acquainted with the outlook for Boston University, and knowing the influence which a man of his stamp could exert in that educational institution and intellectual center, will fail to see that here also is there strong appeal.

A few words as to the Foundation for the Promotion of International Arbitration may be of interest to our readers in this connection. There is pledged for it already an endowment of two million dollars. One of the six members in this country will have charge of the work of promotion and the upbuilding of sentiment in the colleges and universities; a second will devote his time to the churches and labor organizations, a third to the press, a fourth to the accomplishment of the aims of the Foundation through the book world; the fifth to bring about needed legislation; the sixth will give himself to the general work of organization throughout the country.

If Mr. Brown should accept the position offered him on this Foundation he will bring to bear in one of the grandest causes of the world the strength and beauty of a manhood which for many years have made him greatly beloved, not only throughout California but all over the Pacific Coast.

"Rise up an' help yo'self," said Brother Williams, "an' stop distractin' de angels by yo' constant cry fer help. Ef Providence seen that you was willin' ter roll up yo' sleeves an' work fer yo' livin', he might help you ter find it." F. L. Stanton.

DR. DOREMUS SCUDDER DECLARES HAWAIIAN SUFFRAGE A MISTAKE.

At the meeting of the American Missionary Association last week in Boston the Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder, pastor of the Central Union Church of Honolulu, said that chief of the problems in Hawaii just now is the Hawaiian voter. His words were in part:

"Senator Morgan of virile memory knew that when he served on the commission to recommend an act to Congress for the government of our youngest and now only remaining Territory. The South had been taught this lesson by the most drastic experience any section of our nation has ever known. Hence the Alabama senator, as well as his four confreres in the commission, favored a franchise for Hawaii based upon thrift and intelligence. It would have been well for the Hawaiians if Congress had heeded the advice of these statesmen. What his own chiefs and kings, what provincial government and republic knew, that the average native did not yet possess power to govern himself, Congress essayed to give him. So it put the ballot in his hand and made him at once the bone of contention between graft-hating supporters of good government on the one hand, and the unscrupulous, liquor dealing, law despising element on the other.

"The Hawaiian is the prey of the unscrupulous. In the prohibition plebicite last July some 10,000 votes were cast, the liquor men securing more than 7,000. It cost them, according to the best authority I can find from $50,000 to $60,000 to do it.

"Seven years residence in Hawaii has convinced me that the American Negro of the future will have cause to look back with gratitude to the action of his Southern white brother in depriving him of the ballot until he should have demonstrated his ability to use and not abuse it. He will esteem it a real service to his race, notwithstanding the manner in which it was done. In a democratic electorate a majority element which is too ignorant or undeveloped or thriftless for self-government is a deadly menace to free institutions. For the great temptation facing the minority in such a community is to control the majority by means which by debauching it shall negative all possibility of character development. The gift of the franchise to the Hawaiian without safeguarding conditions was the cruelest present our nation could have handed them.

"The problem before the Christian citizenship of the Territory is to counteract the effect of this blunder. It is no easy task and it does not seem as though much headway is being made. The dread question is will liquor and its comrade tuberculosis end the Hawaiian before any substantial gain shall have been registered. There is no time to talk about our Asiatic problem. This is so little dreaded that we should not mind Congress admitting a little more of it from China and Japan. We are busy preparing some 10,000 Asiatics born on our shores to become as good Americans as the second generation of your immigrants here in Boston."

A Blissful Center of Christian Union.

In the course of his address Dr. Scudder said:

"Hawaii today is a blissful center of Christian union. We don't use the word Congregational out there. We don't need to, we have the thing, why bother over a divisive name? We also have the best of Presbyterianism in our polity, the fervor of Methodism, the whole Pacific ocean for the Baptist part of us. The Hawaiian community some day will knock at the door of Congress and notwithstanding the Outlook's horror of the outcome will be admitted among the sovereign States of the Union because

her high character will command it. This ambition characterizes the Hawaii of today but she has no wish to make undue haste toward her manifest destiny. The character of a community which has been admitted to the status of a Territory of the American Union should be the supreme consideration in the question of its right to share the privilege and responsibility of Statehood. We mean to develop the character that will earn this right and we want a few thousand of the best Christian families of the mainland to come and held us in this high endeavor."

THE MEETINGS OF THE CONGREGATIONAL NATIONAL SOCIETIES.

From Washington Gladden's Viewpoint.

In the Boston Transcript for October 15, Dr. Washington Gladden said:

"The hospitality of Boston to the visiting Congregationalists is gracious and motherly; they find their comfort provided for and their needs anticipated. To those who are not wholly strangers the return to the old city is always a fresh delight; no other of our greater cities gives one such a sense of home-coming. New York towers over you, and Chicago roars at you, and Philadeuphia stands on her marble doorsteps and scans you, but Boston takes you by the hand and says: 'Come in and make yourself at home.'

"For a great multitude also of the sons and stepsons of the Pilgrims who have never seen Boston this has been a memorable week. It has been good to share the pleasure of those to whom these names and places have long been sacred, but who are now for the first time finding them realities.

"The fact that this great concourse of the sons of the Puritans was punctuated by the festivities of 'Columbus Day' was a co-incidence which could not fail to provoke reflection. What would the men of Winthrop's day or the men of the days of Sam Adams have said if anyone had predicted that a time would come when an army of 50,000 Roman Catholics, with bands and banners, would march over Beacon Hill? Yet I have not been able to discover that these sons of the Puritans now encamped in Boston have been seriously disturbed by this exhibition. Considerable inconvenience was caused by the parade to many of them, but I have heard no ill-natured word spoken about it. Nor have I heard of any outcry of alarm over this display of the power of the ancient church in the stronghold of Puritanism. It would be difficult for any fair-minded man who watched that procession to feel that these thousands of clean-faced, well-dressed, orderly, self-respecting men and boys were a dangerous element to our society. We know that their essential loyalty to the fundamental principles of our democracy is beyond all question."

Dr. Gladden wrote of the central interest being in the American Board, inasmuch as it is its centennial year, saying:

"The striking fact in connection with this anniversary is the new confidence with which the enterprise of foreign missions is pressed upon the world's attention. There seems to be no question about the reasonableness and practicability of the foreign missionary work. Not many years ago the plea was rather apologetic; it is so no longer. There was a prediction in days not long past, that the surrender of a certain grim traditional belief would 'cut the nerve of missions;' that nobody could find any adequate motive for persevering in missionary work, if it were admitted that God's mercy endureth forever. But that traditional belief has been gently suffered by the theologian to pass into innocuous desuetude, and the nerve of missions has not been cut; the enthusiasm for them is far warmer than it ever was before; the promise of the Christianization of the world was never half so bright as it is today. With such splendid things before our eyes as have been happening in Japan and Turkey and Korea and China, it requires a pretty dense sort of intellectual obstinacy to attempt to discredit Christian missions.

"At the head of this hopeful enterprise we find men who are worthy to lead it. It has been quite the fashion in certain circles to sneer at missionaries; doubtless ignorant and stupid men can be found among them, as in all professions; but I must confess, for my own part, that there are few men who have brought to me more of mental quickening than the missionaries that I have known. Such men as John P. Jones and Robert Hume of India, and Arthur Smith of China are among the most alert thinkers and the most statesmanlike leaders that the church of this day possesses. If you want a mouldy theology or a narrow view of ethical or social questions, or a bigoted estimate of other faiths you would better not go near them."

One of the most encouraging results of the meeting Dr. Gladden regards "the decision to put into the field a Congregational leader who will endeavor to do for the churches of this communion what Rev. Charles Stelzle has been doing for the Presbyterians, in bringing the church into closer sympathy with the laboring classes. This work is undertaken by the National Brotherhood, at the request of the National Council. The Brotherhood, in its constitution, distinctly relates itself to the Council, as a department thereof, and the Council commissions the Brotherhood to take up this work. The chairman of the Brotherhood committee which has this work in charge is ex-Mayor Beardsley of Kansas City, one of the broadest-minded and bravest of our Congregational laymen; he is supported by a number of strong men, East and West; and we may well hope that this will prove to be a productive venture. A better understanding between the church and the workingman is one of the things most devoutly to be wished for. The workingman needs the church, no doubt; but no more than the church needs the workingman. The heartiness and unanimity of the rising vote by which the Council pledged its support to this enterprise is a good omen."

SOCIAL EQUITIES.

One of the most timely and striking addresses at the Congregational National Council in Boston was that by the Rev. George L. Cady on "Social Equities," Brotherhood night. Mr. Cady said:

"Today the cry is against economic inequities. Trading one's economic liberty for physical liberty is a doubtful bargain. The common man is stirring to ask if democracy has not handed him a gold brick in simply changing his masters.

"Instead of kings on thrones he now has kings of finance, instead of the divine rights of royalties he has the divine rights of Baer and the coal barons; instead of fighting and laying down his life in the ranks of armies for the glory of empires he now lays it down in sweatshops, in foul cattle shambles, in damp and putrid mines, in unsanitary mills, that the kings of finance may roll in luxury, and in place of the great and good George Washington he now has one who is 'first in oil, first in grease and first in the pockets of his countrymen.

Special Privilege.

"It is a special privilege which changes its name, but dies hard, against which the people are revolting. It is that

Sundays. Rev. David H. Reid recently visited Mr. Haines' and others in the county and an account of his trip would show that there is still frontier missionary work to be done. Besides short trips by boat, and long ones by stage and buggy, he walked over 100 miles. In almost every home he visited he offered prayer. The trip covered Brewster, Okanogan, Omac, Riverside, Synarep, Anglin, Mountain View, Chewiliken, Loomis, Night Hawk and Tonasket. A church has been organized at Loomis, and application for recognition made. Rev. T. J. Strawbridge is pastor. In Tonasket, Mr. Reid secured two lots centrally located for the church from the Land Company. This will be one of the important centers when the railroad is completed next year. Rev. Clifton J. Speer has undertaken the pastoral care of Synarep, Anglin, Chewiliken, and Mountain View.

Evangelism.—The Committee on Evangelism, appointed at the last annual meeting of the North Western Association of Congregational Churches, held at Snohomish, May 3-4, offer the following suggestions to the pastors within the bounds of the above named Association. First: That some portion of the month of November, 1910, be devoted by each church to a general Evangelistic Campaign, having for its specific objects, the quickening and deepening of the spiritual life of the membership, and also endeavoring to lead to a definite decision for Christ, those who have not yet identified themselves with the church: Second: That in this general campaign, the pastors co-operate with each other in arranging the meetings in their respective districts and parishes. Third: It is further suggested, that as far as possible, two or more pastors assist in each local campaign, and so make those centers of evangelistic effort, a means of helpful and delightful fellowship. Fourth: That a general exchange of Congregational pulpits be arranged by the pastors for Sunday, November 13th, and it is suggested that the sermons be mainly evangelistic in tone and character. Fifth: That united earnest prayer be offered by pastor and people for a spiritual outpouring of His Spirit on all that is undertaken in the interests of His Kingdom in this Evangelistic Campaign.

Tacoma, Plymouth.—Tacoma Castle of the Knights of King Arthur, located in Plymouth church, Tacoma, celebrated on the evening of October 17th, the fifth anniversary of its organization. After the regular conclave had been held, and the business attended to, the Captain-general led the way to the banquet room where the knights of the Castle, the ladies of the Court and the invited guests sat down to a bountiful dinner, at the close of which, the King acting as toast-master, the following toasts were offered and responded to: "Our Guests;" "Our Camp Experiences;" "Our Girls;" "Our Boys;" "Our Pastor;" "Our Future," by Rev. H. B. Hendley, pastor; "Twenty Years Hence;" "Our Alliances." Addresses were made by Rev. E. C. Wheeler, Rev. E. T. Ford, D. D., and Rev. S. S. Healy. After singing and prayer, by Dr. Ford, the King declared the Conclave closed. This group of young people, who at the organization were many of them only the boys of the Sunday School, now furnishes most of the active workers of the church, one of them being superintendent of the Senior Department of the Sunday School; One of them being a member of the Board of Trustees, and many of them being secretaries and teachers in the Sunday School. The younger boys, as they come into the organization, have before them the object lesson of the example of the older members, and it constitutes one of the best means the church has of training its boys and young men. The Queens of Avalon, whom the Castle had invited to be present and celebrate with them, is doing a good work, similar in character, for the girls and young women.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

The address last Monday was by the Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters on "The Coming Church."

Dr. Peters said that the church of the future must be distinctively a Christian church. Believing in things both new and old, he spoke for stability of bases and conservative progress. Standing on the unequivocal platform of the Deity of Christ he advocated courageous practical preaching, the laying of emphasis on the fact that Christianity means honesty. The church of the future it was further said will be an enthusiastic and happy church.

Declaring that the masses and not the classes will control the future, Dr. Peters' plea was for a socialized church. In this connection it was said that Trinity Church Corporation by its long time refusal to conduct sanitary tenements had done more damage to the Christian religion than Robert Ingersoll ever had done.

"Above all things," said Dr. Peters, "the church must be a soul saving church."

Next Wednesday the meeting will be a union one for the consideration of the plan to form a Union Missionary meeting to convene once a quarter. There will be an address by Dr. Hill, of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. The meeting will begin at 10:45 in the First Congregational church.

MEETING OF THE UPPER BAY ASSOCIATION.

The semi-annual meeting will be held in Benicia on the 1st and 2nd of November.

The general theme will be Possibilities in the Upper Bay.

The sermon will be given Tuesday evening by Rev. H. V. Hartshorn, of Clayton.

Wednesday morning the Rev. T. G. Lewis, of Rio Vista, will speak on "Possibilities in the Country Church." Rev. N. Evanson, of Bay Point, will speak on "In a Factory Town." And Rev. M. Meserve, of Suisun, on "Men's Work for Men." Then will come "Snap Shots from the Field."

Wednesday afternoon: "Christian Discipleship," by Rev. E. W. Owens, of Martinez; "Woman's Work for the Kingdom," Mrs. S. R. Yarrow, of Mill Valley, "Our Decadent Churches"—a discussion, to be opened by Rev. B. St. John; "Church Union"—a discussion, to be opened by Rev. Mr. Peters of Crockett.

The program closes with "Echoes from the National Council" by Rev. H. H. Wikoff.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION FOR NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Officers for the year 1910-1911:

President—Mrs. F. B. Perkins, 489 29th street, Oakland.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. M. M. Bell, 480 Moss avenue, Oakland.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Seward M. Dodge, 100 Bonita avenue, Oakland.

Treasurer—Mrs. O. W. Lucas, 2409 Carlton street, Berkeley.

Secretary of Literature—Mrs. J. H. O'Brien, 1416 Arch street, Berkeley.

Superintendent of Cradle Roll—Mrs. E. W. Piper, 1215 8th avenue, Oakland.

Superintendent of Box Work—Mrs. Dennis Goodsell, Ceres, Stanislaus county.

FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS.

Several of the brethren, ministers and laymen, who were in atttendance at the conference in Porterville, have been going about since among the churches in a fellowship way, carrying to them some of the inspiration which was received at that meeting. Meetings of this kind have been held in the Fourth church, Oakland, Boulevard, of Oakland, and at Haywards.

LOS ANGELES DISTRICT MEETING OF W. H. M. U. AND SOUTHERN BRANCH W. B. M. P.

The Los Angeles District Meeting of the Women's Home Missionary Union and the Southern Branch of the Women's Board of the Pacific was held with Vernon church, Los Angeles, Tuesday, October 18.

An earnest, prayerful spirit characterized the entire day.

Of the many helpful and inspiring addresses of the day only a few can be mentioned. Professor Hata, recently from Japan, who has come to be the pastor of the newly organized Japanese church in Pasadena, gave an instructive talk on the "Outlook on the Pacific Coast for Work among the Japanese."

Mrs. Geo. Clark of Los Angeles made a strong appeal for work among the children, and outlined a plan for such work.

The lunch hour was followed by a series of table talks on "Pathways to Success," led by Mrs. Haines of Los Angeles.

In the afternoon we listened with delight to two reports of the World's Missionary Conference at Edinburgh, given by Mrs. G. A. Gibbs and Mrs. J. W. Keese, both of Pasadena.

The principal address of the afternoon was given by Miss Nina Rice, our missionary to Sivas, Turkey. Miss Rice gave a very clear and informing view of her work among the Aremenian girls.

The key-note of the meeting seemed to be "Pray, pray hard." Twice during the day the session was given over to prayer, and many earnest prayers were offered for the work at home and abroad.

More than one hundred women representing all but four of the auxiliaries of the Los Angeles District, were present. F. R. L.

CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The following named Pacific Coast ministers were elected directors of the Congregational Home Missionary society at its meeting last week in Boston: Rev. C. R. Brown, of Northern California; Rev. W. H. Day, of Southern California; Rev. E. L. Smith, of Washington.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer, of Oakland, was elected recording secretary, and Rev. S. H. Woodrow, of Washington, D. C., president. Nominating Committee: Prof. C. S. Nash, of California, and Rev. F. T. Rouse, of Omaha, Neb.

The next annual meeting will be held in San Francisco in May, 1911.

Bridget: "An' did th' docthor say yer had any pronounced dis'ase?" Pat: "Shure an' he did; but, begorrah, Oi couldn't pronounce it!"—Judge's Library.

The Home.

TEARS.

When I consider life and its few years,—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street,—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.

Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains and bards and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;
Homer his sight, David his little lad.

—Lizette Reese.

YOUR FINEST SELF FOR YOUR OWN FAMILY.

The test of a man's genuine piety is not his ability to discuss religious problems nor his willingness to assist in public service, but his daily life in the home. This fact should prompt us to value more highly the commonplace relations of life.

Unless love adorn the fireside, no expenditure of art or money will suffice. We are in danger of letting our present external life rob us of the greater blessings of the ordinary, for we are being allured by the lesser gifts of the extraordinary. Life's greatest values are those gained through common things.

Our homes, our children, our nearest friends, are priceless. Are we valuing them aright? Are we giving to them our best selves, or are our homes, our children, our friends, receiving from us that which is left after we have expended our energies and time on life's externals.

Suppose a man enlarges his business, increases his bank account, broadens his circle of acquaintances, and all this by neglecting his home, his children and his real friends! What is the result after a period of ten or twenty years? He has accumulated but he has lost the chance of utilizing his possessions. His home has lost its charm, his children are men and women, his friends are scattered or gone.

Has the accumulation been worth the price? His very personality and affection have been recklessly distributed instead of expended upon those whom he really loves the most. This prompts us to ask if our Christian faith and character do not demand the expression of our best selves in the commonplaces of our lives.

The life we live with those who are nearest and dearest to us; the words, "father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, brother, sister," are the fondest words on earth, and around them cluster the dearest scenes and memories of life. A fireplace is not necessarily a fireside, nor a house a home, but the sacredness of these very words should prompt love, loyalty and devotion sufficient to transform any house into a real home.

In the olden days the parlor used to be shut up and only opened upon special occasions. When the minister called he was likely to be shown into a musty, close room, the curtains of which were lifted and the windows opened for

special privilege which enables a Mrs. Gould to declare that she cannot live on her allowance of $70,000 a year, while the average income of an American family of five is but $750; that special privilege which enables men to dot Newport and the North Shore with magnificent mansions built on the unearned increment of their investments, while the average weekly wage of the textile trades, the iron workers, the boot and shoe workers and the clothing workers is but $7.90; that special privilege which rears thousands of young men and women in poisonous plethora of riches with never a sweat of the brow, while hundreds of thousands, with a plethora of sweat of the brow are caught between the millstones of an unliving wage and the higher cost of living."

The Message for the Rich Man.

"A Christian brotherhood has a message here. Tell the rich man in a Christian pew that for the cotton mills of New England to pay enlarged dividends a special privilege tariff is filching from the public; tell the stockholder in the Southern cotton mills that for him to receive dividends taken from the lives of little children is murder; tell him that his automobiles and yachts taken from the narrow margin between a man's wages and his living is larceny; tell him that to send the women and children of the laboring man into the mill to make up that which he took from a man's output is embezzlement; tell him that unless he comes down and restores fourfold or onefold, at least, to every operator and every consumer, all his gifts to missions and colleges will never bring salvation to his house; tell him that the gates of heaven know no complimentary passes; tell him that to build a baronial estate on New England soil with porcelain markers for every shrub, while his Italian workmen live in dog kennels and chicken coops, is infamous; tell him that any kind of business is to be measured not by the kind of goods it manufactures, but the kind of men it turns out, and you will know the tragedy of Jesus, and you will know His defense, for 'they feared the multitude for they took Him for a prophet.'

"But that will be your easier task. Hunting down the predatory rich is as popular and safe a pastime as chasing lions in the shadow of T. R. It is easy to play the demagogue and be court preacher when the people is king.

The Message for the Workingman.

"But if you have courage turn to the laboring man and tell him that limiting output when humanity is unclothed, unfed and unhoused and needs his all and his best is economic suicide; tell him that to admit but one apprentice, once in four years in a stereotype shop is on a par with robber monopolies; tell him that what he will not do to a union man he shall not do to a non-union man or his brotherhood is a dwarf; tell him that to deny a man by force the the right to sell his only commodity, his labor, where he may, is tyranny; tell him that the boycott is in a neck-to-neck competition with the blacklist for the first place in the hall of infamy; tell the non-union laboring man for him to reap the benefits of the battles and sacrifices of organized labor and contribute nothing is taking what is not his own, and you will know what Jesus experienced when He looked upon his dwindling audience and cried: 'And will ye go away also?'

"At the convergence of the streams of social life forming a whirlpool of unrest and passion the Congregational democratic brotherhood stands. If we have no message we have no justification for being.

"We have tried toadying to the rich and patronizing the poor. Let us be indifferent to all colors and badges, recognizing only that which the millionaire has in common with the beggar. Our mission is not to the rich or the cultured; neither is it to the laboring man or the poor. Our mission is simply to a man as a man."

"Our Mission is Simply to a Man as a Man."

The Pacific likes that utterance. We hope that the time is not far distant when preachers of the gospel everywhere will be saying these things to the laboring man.

Of late it seems to have been the fashion for preachers to have a great deal to say about the wrongs on the part of the rich man and of the employer of labor, and very little about those on the part of the workingman. Mr. Cady is on the right track. Some others are too, but many are not; let all get there, and there will be less disregard of law on the part of workingmen when they come in conflict with employers, and more of a disposition to recognize the rights of every man, whether in a labor union or out of it. Unions are all right in principle, and we hope to see them flourish. But,

"A man's a man for a' that."

The church wants the workingman, but it wants him **only in righteousness—never in unrighteousness.**

CONCERNING SELF-SUPPORT IN WASHINGTON.

At the meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society in Boston, Superintendent Scudder of Washington said concerning self-support:

"Self-support in Washington sprang from a three-fold incentive. A missionary spirit that would brook no retreat, a cramped situation that demanded immediate relief, and a self-respect that refused unnecessary assistance.

"With splendid self-sacrificice our pastors were throwing themselves into the campaign, but just here we were brought up with a jerk. Calls for help were incessant and insistent. But we were also facing a rapidly decreasing missionary appropriation. In five years we were cut down nearly fifty per cent, dropping from $23,000 to $12,000, though we were carrying half again as much work as we had been doing under the larger figure. Forty home missionary fields were temporarily laid off our schedule that year. Eastern givers felt that the wide Northwest must be thrown more on its own resources. The society was staggering under criticism and debt. Calls, louder and more pitiful were coming from another great destitute area.

"We were to be guaranteed $20,000 a year, $10,000 of which we undertook to raise ourselves for the first year, the other $10,000 granted by the National Society, to be reduced one-third each year thereafter for three years. The State doubled her gifts the first year, very nearly reaching her mark. The next year she overstepped it. The third year she fell short, leaving us $4,000 in debt with which to begin our first year of self-support. The indications now are, however, that we shall clean that up and come through this fourth year on a budget of $21,000. The snap and energy of Washington Congregationalism, her rapid growth in benevolences, the awakening interest of her churches and her laymen, have been to a large extent the result of this strenuous effort.

"The battle is now on. We expect to win. If our forecasts are true we have already won; for our five largest churches, Plymouth and Pilgrim of Seattle, and the First churches of Tacoma, Walla Walla and Spokane, with a combined resident membership of about 3,000, have agreed to raise nearly $15,000, an average of about $5 per member.

"Our State self-support has meant a strong Congregational advance, a greatly quickened missionary spirit and

an increase in benevolence. For the regions beyond it means much. Our people are beginning to realize that no State in the Union has a more strategic position for exerting a commanding future influence in this regard. Self-support in Washington also sounds a call for greater Congregational aggressiveness. If a new State where conditions are raw and unsettled, where two-thirds of the churches are home missionary churches, and seven eighths are small and weak, can reach a per capita rate that would mean if adopted a million dollars a year for Congregational Home Missions, the richer, stronger and older sections of our fellowship could easily make this goal attainable for us all."

PRESENT DAY RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE.

By Edward Lincoln Smith.

(Read at the Washington State Conference, Spokane, September 21.)

The religious indifference that troubles us is that of our own State, and of the particular towns and cities in which we live. The object of this discussion is practical, and ought to have an important and helpful bearing upon our work in the coming year. So, let us look closely at our own environment and try to find out the proper course toward religious betterment of our own State.

It is interesting to note the growth of the last ten years. The year book of 1900 showed a total in membership of 6,167, and a total of benevolences of $9,337. The Year Book of 1910 showed a total in membership of 12,499 and a total of benevolences of $83,420. These figures take no account of absent members, and include in benevolences those sums other than denominational, but it shows a very healthy situation, so far as our own work is concerned, when the membership has doubled in ten years, and when the benevolences of our churches is multiplied by nine. At the same time, a look around reveals plenty of indifference, both within and without the church. The heart of every pastor is made heavy by the considerable number of members in his own church who have become indifferent to its work and welfare, and who constitute because of that indifference an element of weakness in the church, of scandal in the community, and the most insidious foes of religion. This is a condition in every church which becomes more acute the less successful we are in organizing our members, in putting them to work, and in tying them up to the church as soon as they have come into it. But, on the other hand, it indicates little depth of purpose when members are not devoted to the church because of what it stands for, whether they are at once put to work or not.

There are many more in every community, however, who entirely ignore religion and the church than there are who care for them. The business and professional man finds himself completely occupied with his business, because it is near at hand, demands all of his attention for successful prosecution, and so absorbs him that no time is left for religious matters. Probably the great majority of men who are carrying heavy responsibilities in our cities are not religious men by profession, and their excuse would be that business is so exacting that they really give the matter no thought.

There is next that large group of college graduates and thinking people in the community who are out of touch with the church, and rather indifferent to the whole subject of religion, because they feel that they have outgrown intellectually the teaching and life of the church, that they do not believe the things that the church preaches, and have no patience with its belated intellectual position. These people are interested in scientific thought, are devoted to many good things making for the social betterment of the community, but have only a cold and curious look for the church. I do not think we understand how considerable this feeling is.

Then there is that other group, the wage earners, whose sole thought, after their work is done, is for the organization of their trade, the betterment of their condition industrially, the solution of their difficulties, and the successful carrying out of their policies. They are indifferent to the church because they think the church indifferent to them and not disposed to side with them or give them a fair hearing, and they cannot understand how the church can be of any real help to them unless it actively arrays itself upon their side in the great contest. Their unionism is their religion. They are working for each other, for better conditions in their trades, and in their homes, and they feel that they are actually living in the spirit of service which the religion of Jesus Christ enjoins. The idea that they will suffer any present of future calamity because of their neglect of the church is farthest from their minds. If they ever have any occasions of alarm over their religious situation, it is probably connected with their thought of their children and the need to provide for their moral training. It is doubtful if they ever give thought to the Bible, or miss that which is most precious to a devoted Christian—the inspiration of personal communion with God. We do not for a moment want to overstate this case, but rather to get at the facts. Any signs of coming together of church and labor forces are probably dictated by the conviction on the part of the labor forces that there is a new disposition and possibility of the church helping them in their contentions with capital. I doubt if there is any increasing valuation on their part of the religious phase of church life, meaning by religious the sense of God and desire to know and worship Him. It is of great interest to the church that they seem to be disposed to move in its direction at all, and that fact affords a great opportunity.

All religious indifference is a menace to our civilization, for the Christian religion is the corner stone of our civilization. They who ignore the standards, the restraints and the inspirations of religion tend to become selfish and inconsiderate, dishonest and vicious citizens, discouraged and hopeless persons generally. Many of the deplorable signs of the times relating to morals and to low valuation of life are to be traced to religious indifference. The stemming of this tide constitutes a giant task before the church today.

We pass from this consideration of the **Situation** to inquiry to the **Cause,** and note first those causes the blame for which may lie at our own door. It must be that somehow or other the religious appeal of today lacks that element of vitality which convinces men that it is the greatest human interest. If men did not feel that religion could be safely ignored they would not be indifferent to it. No doubt too much which has lost its power is said today in the pulpit in the name of religion. Many of the preachers and teachers of religion are in a state of arrested intellectual development. They have not kept up with the times in their own science, and are entirely out of sympathy with new methods, discoveries and conclusions with reference to the subject matter of religious teaching. A young man standing in the aisle by my side at a political meeting recently, and listening to a presentation with which he did not agree, murmured to his companions, "The same old claptrap." No doubt that charge could be

brought against much of the preaching of today, that it has lost its vital power, is still declaring things which are no longer generally believed, and fails entirely to accept that which scholars have received as conclusive. It is probably true that there are many preachers who do not get close enough to the active men of today to really and profoundly love them at all. Too many are pounding away at conditions which do not really exist, or trying to create feelings which are no longer natural or possible. Too many are scolding the women and the children for the absence of the men without knowing those men intimately and personally in such a way as to establish any relations of true sympathy with them. Men are the same from age to age, and yet they are different. There is as much sin, if not more, in the world today than there was fifty years ago, but consciousness of it is not aroused by talking in the language, or talking to the men, of fifty years ago.

There is also much feeling that the church is not attacking the real problems of modern life in any effective way. Young men are shunning the ministry and seeking the Y. M. C. A. secretaryships. Social settlements obtain more voluntary workers than the church. At the same time, those churches which really make themselves social centers, and actually train the children in strong and clean living win a following, even among the men. We have been preaching for a generation that the sacred and secular are not to be separated, but many complain that the church turns her back upon the secular, upon those practical troubles of the world, and centers her attention in sin and salvation. She makes the division which her preaching deplores. Why blame the men if they center their efforts in the secular, and battle for a cleaner city government, for better politics, for fairer conditions for labor, for the relief of the sick and the helpless, for the victims of the drink and the drug habits. Are they not really practicing religion and following the teaching of the church which makes all service religious? There is much truth in this contention, yet the people who are thus engaged in seeking the betterment of their fellowmen, and really practicing religion, are accounted indifferent to religion.

After all this has been said, the great thing remains to be said, that there is much pure selfishness and materialism in modern life; plenty of it here in our own State; in my own city and in your city—a selfishness which is entirely indifferent as to who may be getting the hindmost. Here is the really dangerous element in the situation. Here lies the supreme point of attack of the church. This class has no shame, no love, no reverence. It is wanton, cruel and pitiless. The situation constitutes more a moral than an intellectual problem. The thing needed is a tremendous moral upheavel, a revelation of the power and righteousness of God to confound and destroy utterly this habit of life, to make it see and hate itself, to recognize its awful condition, and to know that God and religion constitute the only remedy.

But the problem for the church is how to bring the remedy to the patient, and to get him to take it. There must be first the vital message from pulpit and from pew, a message that will grip the man who is quite pre-occupied. It is a difficult matter to determine just what makes a message vital and real, but it is such a message as will make men feel that the life of the soul is the real life, vastly more than meat and raiment, and that unless ones soul is reaching toward God a man is utterly out of condition to appreciate or enjoy the good things which he seeks from the world. Jesus knew how to make men understand this. Socrates was successful in it. It is the great problem of the pulpit today. The man who sits in the pew must give a message to his fellows of the vital power in Christianity to enrich, free and save his soul. When the holy God has come close, has laid His hands upon a man's life and renewed that life, then that man becomes a good son, a good husband, a good father, a good citizen, and a good servant of his fellowmen. His message then has the ring which is born of experience, and nobody doubts the sincerity of his words.

Again, there must be heroic devotion on the part of God's people to God's task, to the saving of His unsaved children, to the making of a Christian city in a Christian State, and a Christian world. We have not yet attacked this problem in a very exhaustive fashion, nor have we given it any devotion which merits the name "heroic." Our dealing with the Lord has been ungenerous. We are not devoting any proper share of time, work or money to God's cause. If the men of the church who are able would give to this cause as they give to themselves, we shou'd see the church placed upon a new footing in the community. We should see the ministry so paid as to make it possible to support a family respectably, and to command the respect of a community. We should see then a different and higher type of men seeking the ministry. We should see our work organized with adequate help, and carried forward as it is impossible to carry it on with inadequate funds. We should see churches opened and manned in districts which need them today, but which must be refused the service of the church for lack of funds. The great public discovers very quickly whether the church is really making any sacrifice for the good of the community or not, and when we know that the church is not so doing, need we be surprised if the community has very little respect for the reality of the faith of the church? But when there comes a more vital message from the pulpit and from the life of every Christian, and a more heroic devotion from the people of God to the establishment of His kingdom, then there will be developed a new public sentiment which will help a man to be a good man in the community. Public opinion settles many things. That which people generally consider wrong no man will do with impunity. When public opinion upholds and appreciates a public service then a good citizen will be swift to attempt that service. When public opinion appreciates virtue in its public officials, and rewards it with recognition and promotion, then the public will be benefited by the wiping out of conditions which today menace our civilization. Such a public opinion is the natural fruitage of a vital faith and a consistent practice of the church.

"OREGON DRY 1910."

George H. DeKay.

Since my last letter the campaign for a State-wide prohibition of the saloon has gone merrily on. It is indeed a battle, for the liquor men are making the fight of their lives now. They are scared, and are making a stand that does not mean an easy victory for the temperance forces. They have called into the field for their help four men of quite wide reputation as speakers, and they are touring the State in the interests of the saloon. These are Cap. Dan Morgan Smith of Georgia, ex-Mayor Rose of Milwaukee, Storey of New Orleans, and Clarence Darrow of Chicago, the man who defended in the celebrated Moyer-Pettibone case. I followed Storey at Pendleton, but did not hear him. The other night I had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Dar-

row, and of replying to him last night when we had a big street meeting at which I spoke to at least 200 men, and another meeting in a church where I had an audience of at least 250.

None of these men try to defend the saloon as ordinarily known, but they take the position that prohibition cannot be enforced, that the saloon can, and must be regulated, and that, anyway, no one has a right to tell another that he shall or shall not eat or drink certain things. Mr. Darrow said that God Almighty is responsible for all the crime that is committed, as He made men that way and they can't help it. He said that no man who has ever studied the question ever has placed liquor high in the cause of crime, and that no prohibitionist has ever done anything for the uplift of humanity—all they care for is to meddle with other men's habits of life. I give these to show something of the kind of talk they make in their attempt to bolster up their lost cause. Ex-Mayor Rose is making statements that are downright lies and easily proven so, but the trouble is that many who hear him will not hear the other side. This is one reason why we are holding many street meetings. At one of the street meetings in Pendleton (a county seat) the other night (I was not there), the mob who had just come from a meeting at which Darrow had been inculcating contempt for the church and the law, threw eggs at the speakers and one of the prominent ministers of Portland who was there at the Presbytery was the target. Next day the Home Rule Association arrested the man who threw the eggs that hit him, but the ministers all refused to prosecute him.

This Home Rule Association is an organization of liquor sympathizers (although they claim not to be connected with the saloon interests) who are trying their best to defeat State-wide prohibition. Their particular measure is one that has for its purpose the placing of the exclusive control of the saloon in the hands of the incorporated towns. As it now stands the unit of voting on the liquor question is the county, and this is one of the critical points in the battle for control. A similar measure was defeated at the polls two years ago by a very large majority, and I believe this will be also. The farmers are against it almost to a man. Prominent Portland ministers are going out into the streets, into the outside towns, following up the imported speakers for the saloon so that there is not a town where they speak that does not have the other side presented at once.

I have made thirty-five addresses in the last five weeks and have about twenty-five on the program for the next three weeks.

The other day I accepted the invitation of a camp tender, away in the hills, to be his guest. He is camp tender for an outfit that runs 16,000 sheep, and he took me for a saddle ride twenty miles over the range up to about 6,000 feet altitude, to where we had some magnificent views. That night in his camp we had a great supper of fried grouse (shot on the way) fried potatoes and onions, hot biscuits and coffee. And I had no trouble about sleeping that night. The man, whose guest I was—a great, big, rough looking fellow, proved to be one of the real men, upright, clean, tender as a child, and a splendid specimen of the kind of men who are found all over this Eastern Oregon, where our Eastern friends are apt to think all is wild and woolly. Next morning he sent me on the way, fifteen miles to the railroad, on his own pet horse, telling me as I went that I was the first man he had ever let him have to ride. So it isn't all a fight; some nice things come the way of the campaigner as he goes.

Friends of the Great Reform! remember the battle for God and Home and Country going on here, and pray for it. The Saloon has got to Go!

La Grande, Ore.

ASHES AND HONEY.

By W. N. Burr.

One afternoon some two months ago I drifted into the Chamber of Commerce in Los Angeles just as a company of people representing some "Improvement society" were gathering in the assembly room for a "special meeting." I was "nosing about" to learn all I could about anything good, because that is my business; so I invited myself to the meeting of the "improvers." Their "minutes of the last meeting" revealed them to be a company of earnest souls hot on the trail for better things for a certain section of Los Angeles; but it was the address of the afternoon that was of special interest to me.

This address, or "familiar talk," as she called it, was given by Miss Mary E. Foy, who belongs to one of the pioneer families of Los Angeles. Miss Foy has lived almost all her life in Los Angeles, was educated in its schools, and was for a number of years a teacher in the Los Angeles High school. She is very familiar with the city's early life, is very loyal to the life and service of those early days, and she can stand before an audience of thoughtful people and say what she thinks in a very pleasing manner.

Her address that afternoon was an enthusiast's plea for the development of what she calls "the historic imagination."

"For many years," she said, "nothing seemed very real to me beyond the days of '49; but it took no more than one hour in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, one summer, to quicken my imagination to take in that which lay behind '49 to 1492. And later, during a European trip, I learned to carry my mind back into the very earliest history. I found myself not only interested in **any** period of history, but it all began moving before my imagination as a **reality**, as it never had before. Seeing some things on the ground had so aroused my historic imagination that it became easy for me to sense as **real** that which was still more remote, and which before had appeared to me as little more than dream-stuff. The Alhambra period and our old Plaza period came to be linked in my mind; the one as real as the other. Proofs kept coming in that the old-time peoples were not imaginary beings, but flesh-and-blood folks who felt as we feel.

"Now, we stand on historic ground here in Los Angeles today; and to those of us who were here in the early days that means more, no doubt, than it can possibly mean to the later comers. Tourists and new residents move about in that room yonder where the great Coronel collection is kept, and they see only a lot of old relics, unless they are men and women whose historic imagination has been carefully developed. But when we old-timers go into that room we are face to face with a portion of our own life. And we claim the right to recognition as a people who toiled and pleasured, who thought and wrought, who loved and perhaps sometimes hated, just like the people of any other period, or any other section of the world. Some of us are not yet so very old, but we are old enough to have faced real life during a period here in Los Angeles which has now become historic, and which in some of its other aspects differed enough from what we see today to appear, perhaps, only picturesquely mythical to many. The Indian period, the Spanish mission period, the Mexican ranch period, and the Argonaut period furnish such a wealth of historic data that it means a richer life for anybody to make acquaintance with the foundations upon which today we are building. The cultured man is one who can sympathize with and understand the life of the past. Our tomorrows are the flower of all our yesterdays.

"And so I want to urge that into the educational scheme of Southern California there be incorporated that which shall tend to develop the historic imagination. Is Los Angeles to be simply a great commercial center? Impossible! There is too much both in its past and in its present to appeal to the artistic temperament to allow of any such outcome as that."

The development of the historic imagination! A sense of the realities of activities and events that marked the years somewhere behind us! A new interest awakened as

—"the clamorous today
The dreamful yesterday became,
And brands upon dead hearths that lay
Leaped into living flame!"

Can the historic imagination be developed? Can the events that belong to the shadowy past be made real to minds that now regard them only as dreamy illusions? "Yes," answer the school-men.

"I once thought Ruskin the dryest of dry authors," remarked a young lady; "but an enthusiastic and skillful teacher one day so opened my eyes to the beauties of Ruskin that I was soon obliged to acknowledge that it was myself, not that man of worderful mind, that was dry. And I owe it to that teacher that today I have no taste for the flimsy literature that once I loved, and that the authors that I once considered dry are now my delight."

Miss Foy's talk and the remark of the "Ruskin girl" are both doing duty as suggestive material for the Bible teacher, the teacher of spiritual truth. It is no doubt a part of our work, as it is the work of the public school teacher, to plan for "the development of the historic imagination." In this marvelous "picture day" the material for this work comes flying as a cloud, and as the doves to our windows. Photographs of present-day life in Bible lands should, perhaps, have no small place in the working outfit of the Sunday school teacher. And descriptive sketches of scenes in Bible lands are helpful. Says William Eleroy Curtis, of the Chicago Record-Herald, in the preface to his "Today in Syria and Palestine": "Let me here record my humble testimony to the truth of the Scriptures. A journey through Palestine destroys many illusions, and disturbs one's confidence in mankind, and especially in many of the professional teachers of Christianity, but it confirms the faith of conscientious and thoughtful readers in the Bible and its teachings; for every spot fully described in its pages can be immediately and distinctly identified. This is an extraordinary fact. I know of no other book of which the same can be said." And near the close of the book, writing of the popular idea that Sodom and Gomorrah lie at the bottom of the Dead Sea as a mistake, he says: "This is, perhaps, the only place in Palestine where the Bible student is utterly bewildered because of the contradictions between the land and the book."

The development of the historic imagination in Bible study is possibly much more important than we have sometimes thought; and the wealth of maps, charts, pictures, travel sketches, etc., at hand in this day furnish easy equipment for such work. But it is only a means to an end. It is just the opening of the door to the marvels of spiritual truth that filled the Sacred Pages, "waiting to be revealed." There is something deeper than the historic imagination that needs to be awakened, the relish for spiritual truth that shall give the taste of honey from the rock to much that now seems like dry ashes. "The Bible is dry, stale, confusing," says the man of unawakened spiritual faculties. "Ruskin seemed dry, but I have found that it was myself" that was dry," said the Ruskin girl. And she "came to herself" through the effort of an enthusiastic and skillful teacher. I imagine that teacher was herself full of the Ruskin spirit.

There are many dull, unresponsive souls in our pews and in our Sunday school class rooms, to whom spiritual truth seems dry and unattractive. There is vagueness, unreality about it all to them. How shall they be awakened? Can we gather suggestions from our public school teachers?

La Canada, Cal.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Sunset.—The church realized $342.50 from a bazaar held last week.

San Francisco, Ocean View.—The work is progressing. Last Sunday and the previous Sunday eight persons were welcomed into membership, four on confession.

Oakland, Ward Memorial.—Special meetings held the last week are continued this week. There is considerable interest. The Rev. A. E. Fitch will conduct the services this week.

Benicia.—Four persons came into the fellowship of the church at the last communion service by letter. The church had recently a donation of $50 with which to purchase some new hymnals.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Attendance at prayer meeting has been increased from an average of 15 to 60 by a new program of service. The pastor speaks on some vital topic at the meeting one Wednesday evening, and the following week it is considered and discussed by the church members.

Oakland, Fitchburg.—The Rev. F. L. Von Lubken has presented his resignation as pastor, expecting soon to go to New York city and enter an established business along with his brother who resides there. He expects to do considerable religious work incidentally. Two persons united with the Fitchburg church at the recent communion.

San Francisco, Green Street.—Last Sunday marked the completion of seven years' service by the present pastor, Rev. E. L. Walz. Despite the great fire progress has been made and the church has a stronger hold on the community than for many years. The building is open every day and night, and the coming winter will see increased activity and efficiency in a number of lines. The work has been investigated and heartily approved by the "Sage Foundation."

San Francisco, First.—Next Sunday morning the subject of the Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters of New York will be, "Why I Believe That When I Die I Shall Live Again." In the evening, "Good Mothers the Makers of Great Nations." Dr. Peters will occupy the pulpit two more Sundays. It is expected that the Rev. Alexander Lewis, pastor of the First Congregational church of Kansas City, Mo., will be with the church for three Sundays, beginning on the 13th of November.

Oakland, Fourth.—We have been "celebrating"—but with nothing more alarming than a birthday anniversary concert of the famous composer, Verdi, many of whose beautiful compositions, selected from his most familiar operas, under the direction of Mrs. F. H. Maar, were ren-

dered by our organist, Mrs. Talbot, assisted by other artists on violin, in solos and choruses. A delightful evening of choice music was enjoyed by a most appreciative audience. The ladies of the Aid society are busily engaged in making ready for the annual bazaar, which will be held during the first week in December and which promises some very novel features in the entertainments to be given by the ladies under the supervision of Mrs. F. H. Maar, chairman Entertainment committee. On Sunday morning, August 23rd, Rev. Mr. Gautier, of Los Angeles, absolutely filled the pulpit, for he was fully able to do so both physically and with the subject which he had to present. He delivered a most reasonable, logical and convincing address on the Right of States to Decide for Themselves by the Vote of the People the Question of Licensing Saloons. The discourse went forcibly to the minds of the people, bringing a warm-hearted response to the appeal for moral and financial support.

RECOGNITION OF A JAPANESE BRANCH CHURCH IN PASADENA.

On Wednesday evening, October 12, the Sunday school room of the First Congregational church of Pasadena, California, was filled with friends of the Japanese branch church recently organized in the mission connected with the First church. The occasion was the formal recognition of the branch by the mother church and representatives from the West Side, the Lake Avenue and the North Congregational churches of that city. The meeting was opened by singing a hymn in English and prayer by Rev. S. K. Hata, the Japanese pastor of the branch church. After singing a hymn in English, the members of the new church renewed their covenant led by their own pastor. Dr. Pond, the Superintendent of Oriental Missions under the A. M. A., then gave a brief address on "What is a Branch Church and Why Institute One?" The Japanese sang a hymn in their native tongue, and Dr. Daniel F. Fox, pastor of the First Congregational church, followed with an address of Institution and Recognition. The right hand of fellowship was offered by Rev. M. Furuya, pastor of the Japanese Congregational church of Los Angeles; and Rev. J. K. Inazawa, pastor of the Japanese Presbyterian church of Los Angeles and President of the Japanese Christian Alliance of Southern California, offered congratulations and good wishes in behalf of the latter organization. Prof. and Mrs. Homer F. Stone of the First church sang a duet. After a few remarks of reminiscence by Dr. W. C. Pond, telling of the growth of the Mission and the final development of the Branch church, the Lord's Supper was observed, Dr. Pond and Rev. Mr. Hata officiating. The whole meeting was one of impressive earnestness and sincerity, and was closed by singing "I Love Thy Kingdom Lord," and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Hata.

Both the mother and the branch churches feel much gratified that they have been able to secure the help of Mr. Hata, who is a graduate of Wabash college and of Princeton Theological seminary, and has been professor of theology in a theological seminary in Japan. He was for some time Vice-President of the Christian Endeavor society of Japan, and President of the Christian Endeavor society of Tokio, where he was also pastor of two churches.

Mr. Hata expects to bring his wife and two children to America a little later. Meanwhile he will live at the mission on the corner of Marengo avenue and Green street. He has charge of the evening school, and has an able corps of teachers who are loyally supporting him in the work. The evening school has an average attendance of about eighteen. There are in connection with this new church a Sabbath school, having an attendance of eighteen or twenty, and a Christian Endeavor society of about the same number. It is planned to begin work among the children and Japanese women in the afternoons.

There being between three and four hundred Japanese in Pasadena it is believed the future will show a great growth in this little church and its allied organizations. It hopes in due time to become self-supporting with a church building of its own.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

(Rev. C. F. Clark, Correspondent, 7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle.)

Roy.—An addition is being built which will not only increase the seating capacity but will increase the social usefulness of the church. Mr. Hunt is doing excellent work.

Ione.—A handsome building costing four thousand dollars has just been completed. It has a fine auditorium and Sunday School rooms and two rooms for social purposes in the basement. Rev. David Reid will act as supply until a pastor can be secured.

Granite Falls.—The community is recovering from its fire and the church is prospering. Rev. W. R. Parr is putting up, almost by his own efforts, a large parish house with equipment upstairs and down for work with men and women, boys and girls, with social parlors, gymnasiums, etc.

Seattle, West.—Dr. E. L. Smith gave his lecture on Palestine to a crowded house. Views of the proposed new church were also thrown upon the screen. A new building is greatly needed as the present edifice is crowded at both services Sunday. In spite of new churches organized in the neighborhood the church has grown rapidly under Dr. Dunstan's able ministry.

Seattle, Pilgrim.—A new heating plant was installed during the summer and is now in complete operation. The treasurer of Benevolence prints a detailed report of the amounts desired for each object, the amount pledged,, the amounts received, and paid, and balances on hand. Why not every treasurer be as systematic as this? Probably it not only makes it easier for those who are carrying the work to know how matters stand, but also enlists new givers. Mr. W. R. B. Wilcox, a member of the" Municipal Plans Committee," addressed the Men's Club October 18th on "'City Building." The address was very helpful and interested the members exceedingly. Stereoptican views showed plans adopted in other cities and some proposed in Seattle. The pastor, Rev. Edward Lincoln Smith, recently addressed the Woman's Missionary Society and the Seattle Ministerial Federation on his visit to the Missionary Conference at Edinburgh. Pilgrim has voted to invite the State Conference to hold its next annual meeting there.

Okanogan County.—Okanogan is one of the most promising counties of Washington, but at present, owing to the lack of transportation, is very thinly settled, but the Congregational Church has already secured a foothold in several of the settlements, Rev. O. S. Haines serving a parish of about 400 square miles. Mr. Haines had to resign because he no longer felt able to take the long drives on

perhaps the first time in weeks. The chairs and pictures were covered. The children were never allowed to enter the room.

The same spirit prompted the housewife to use the old broken china day after day. Consternation ruled when the small boy spoke up at the table and told the visitor he was glad he was there because they had the best dishes and good things to eat when he came. In other words, anything would do for the family and for the home, but the best possible was not good enough for the stranger who came within the gates.

This was putting the best foot forward before strangers. But what difference did it make whether the stranger formed the highest estimate of the home or not? Far better that those who love each other the most should have the highest and the best their own can give.

"Come again," said the small boy to his father's friend, "Dad is not cross when you are here." No wonder the small boy disappeared quickly when the stranger was gone, but he had told the truth, and that boy did not need punishment half so much as the father needed the rebuke which the child had unwittingly given.

The quiet voice, the soft tone, the gentle suggestion or reproof have far more influence than their noisier counterparts. The best that we can give is none too good for the familiar scenes of home life. Thoughtfulness and gentleness day by day within the home will mould character and develop affection. Close friendships will mean more than ever before.

When sickness, accident, sorrow or death comes into the home, hearts draw close together in sympathy and devotion. But how frequently that sympathy comes and goes; how often it is short-lived. It ought to be the abiding condition.

A courtly educator of the last generation defined a gentleman as "one who valued the little amenities of life among those of his own flesh and blood." His definition is sound and is a fitting conclusion to our thought.

"Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.'

—The Continent.

A WOMAN WHO IS RUSHED.

A woman can feel rushed when she is sitting perfectly still and has really nothing whatever to do. A woman can feel at leisure when she is working diligently at something, with a hundred other things waiting to be done when the time comes. It is not all we have to do that gives us the rushed feeling; it is the way we do what is before us. It is the attitude we take toward our work.

Now this rushed feeling in the brain and nerves is intensely oppressive. Many women, and men too, suffer from it keenly, and they suffer the more because they do not recognize that that feeling of rush is really entirely distinct from what they have to do; in truth it has nothing whatever to do with it.

I have seen a woman suffer painfully with the sense of being pushed for time when she had only two things to do in the whole day, and those two things at most need not take more than an hour each. This same woman was always crying for rest. I never knew, before I saw her, that women could get just as abnormal in the efforts to rest as in their insistence upon overwork. This little lady never rested when she went to rest; she would lie on the bed for hours in a state of strain about resting that was enough to tire any ordinary healthy woman. One friend used to tell her that she was an inebriate on resting. It is perhaps needless to say that she was a nervous invalid, and in the process of gaining her health she had to be set to work and kept at work. Many and many a time she has cried and begged for rest when it was not rest she needed at all: it was work.

She has started off to some good, healthy work crying and sobbing at the cruelty that made her go, and has returned from the work as happy and healthy, apparently, as a little child. Then she could go to rest and rest to some purpose. She had been busy in wholesome action and the normal reaction came in her rest. As she grew more naturally interested in her work she rested less and less, and she rested better and better because she had somthing to rest from and something to rest for.

Now she does only a normal amount of resting, but gets new life from every moment of rest she takes; before, all her rest only made her want more rest and kept her always in the strain of fatigue. And what might seem to many a very curious result is that as the abnormal desire for rest disappeared the rushed feeling disappeared, too.

There is no one thing that American women need more than a healthy habit of rest, but it has got to be real rest, not strained nor self-indulgent rest.

Another example of this effort at rest, which is a sham and a strain is the woman who insists upon taking a certain time every day in which to rest. She insists upon doing everything quietly and with—as she thinks—a sense of leisure, and yet she keeps the whole household in a sense of turmoil and does not know it. She sits complacently in her pose of prompt action, quietness and rest, and has a tornado all about her. She is so deluded in her own idea of herself that she does not observe the tornado, and yet she has caused it. Everybody in her household is tired out with her demands, and she herself is ill, chronically ill. But she thinks she is at peace, and she is annoyed that others should be tired.

If this woman could open and let out her own interior tornado, which she has kept frozen in there by her false attitude of restful quiet, she would be more ill for a time, but it might open her eyes to the true state of things and enable her o rest to some purpose and to allow her household to rest, too.

"But," some one says, "may I not feel pressed for time when I have more to do than I can possibly put into the time before me?"

Oh, yes, yes—you can feel normally pressed for time; and because of this pressure you can arrange in your mind what best to leave undone, and so relieve the pressure. If one thing seems as important to do as another you can make up your mind that of course you can only do what you have time for, and the remainder must go. You can not do what you have time to do so well if you are worrying about what you have no time for. There need be no abnormal sense of rush about it.

Just as nature tends toward health, nature tends toward rest—toward the right kind of rest; and if we have lost the true knack of resting we can just as surely find it as a sunflower can find the sun. It is not something artificial that we are trying to learn—it is something natural and alive, something that belongs to us, and our own best instinct will come to our aid in finding it if we will only first turn our atention toward finding our own best instinct.

We must have something to rest from, for, if we want to find the real power of rest. Then we must learn to let

go of our nerves and our muscles, to leave everything in our bodies open and passive so that our circulation can have its own best way. But we must have had some activity in order to have given our circulation a fair start before we can expect it to do its best when we are passive.

Then, what is most important, we must learn to drop all effort of our minds if we want to know how to rest; and that is difficult. We can do it best by keeping our minds concentrated on something simple and quiet and wholesome. For instance, you feel tired and rushed and you can have half an hour in which to rest and get rid of the rush. Suppose you lie down on the bed and imagine yourself a turbulent lake after a storm. The storm is dying down, dying down, until by and by there is no wind, only little dashing waves quieting down steadily, more and more, until finally they are only ripples on the water. Then no ripples, but the water is as still as glass. The sun goes down. The sky glows. Twilight comes. One star appears, and green banks and trees and sky and stars are all reflected in the quiet mirror of the lake, and you are the lake, and you are quiet and refreshed and rested and ready to get up and go one with your work—to go on with it, too, better and more quietly than when you left it.—Nerves and Common Sense.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and mu ed sound,
As tireless the whee's go always round.

Busily, ceasely, goes the loom,
In the light of day and the midnights gloom,
And the wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, click!—there's a thread of love woven in;
Click, click!—another of wrong and sin;
What a checkered thing this life will be
When we see it unrol'ed in eternity!

Ah, sad-eyed weavers, the years are slow,
But each one is nearer the end, I know!
And soon the last thread shall be woven in—
God grant it be love instead of sin.

Are we spinners of good in this life-web—say!
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day
It were better, O my friends, to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

Tommy: "Pa, what is an equinox?" Pa: "Why, er—it is—ahem! For goodness' sake, Tommy, don't you know anything about mytholgy at all? An equinox was a fabled animal, half horse, half cow. Its name is derived from the words 'equine' and 'ox.' It does seem as if these public schools don't teach children anything nowadays!"—Ideas.

"Hands up!" exclaimed the Western train robber. "Gimme your money."

"Too late." replied the tourist. "I get off at the next station and I've tipped the porter."

Our Young People

A SCHOOLBOY'S COMPLAINT.

Boys didn't have so much to learn
A thousand years ago.
The school books then held only half
The stuff we-ve got to know.

With fewer kings an' wars an' things,
The list of dates was small,
Boys learnt those days—an' Presidents
They didn't have at all.

An' jography—there wasn't near
The land there are today;
I think they find new countries so
Boys won't have time to play.

It's getting worser all the time—
Then sudden clears his brow—
But ain't I glad I ain't a boy
A thousand years from now.

—Boston Transcript.

GRANDMA'S BIRD STORY.

"A story! a story!" cried the children, coming in one snowy afternoon, from out of doors, where they had been making snow houses and snow men and women. This was their special hour in grandma's own sitting-room, and neither Ruth nor Robert ever forgot their privilege. After a little, grandma laid aside her knitting-work, sighed contentedly, and queried:

"What kind of a story do you want, dearies?"

"Oh, a really, truly story," answered Robert, laying his dark, curly head on grandma's knee.

"A really, truly temperance story," begged Ruth, but Robert demurred.

"No," said he, decidedly, "I don't want a temperance story every time. I want a bird story once in a while."

"Suppose I tell you a temperance bird story?" questioned grandma, stroking the curly head that lay so lovingly under her hand. In a moment the children were all attention, and grandma began: "Once upon a time—"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Ruth, that's the way all the really stories begin," and she clapped her hands in great glee, as she nestled close to grandma's side.

"Once upon time a dear temperance lady lived just back of a saloon," once more began grandma. "Oh!" gasped Ruth, but Robert kept very quiet. Boys, of course, should be very brave and not afraid of anything. It was all right for girls to be afraid of saloons, but not men and boys. Men and boys should not shrink away, but go right by them and show that they are not afraid. So, as grandma went on, he looked wise and waited.

"This dear temperance lady was often annoyed and sorrowful to see drunken men come out of the saloon and go staggering down the street to where she felt sure their little boys and girls were suffering for the money which they had spent for liquor. And always, as she watched, she prayed the kind Father to save them." Here Ruth sighed, but Robert remained stoical. "One day," went on grandma, "the saloon-keeper came to his back door and threw out a broken bottle. It was broken only at the top, leaving the bottom like a tumbler, and in the whole part of it was something which looked red, like wine. A few moments after it was thrown out a bevy of English spar-

rows flew down to the ground and surrounded it. Such a chattering! One of the birds would hop briskly up to the bottle and peek in; then he would hop back and forth, all the while keeping up a dreadful scolding. Then another bird would hop up and take a peep at itscontents. And so for some time these wise little birds seemed to keep up a discussion as to what was in the bottle, and whether or not it was something of which they might take a taste. At last one bird, more venturesome than the others, hopped up to the bottle, and perking his little head, reached over his tiny bill and took a drink. Then what a chattering and scolding! But the bad little bird paid no heed, although his mates kept up a terrible chattering as though they were afraid the wine would hurt him. But it made no difference. Drink after drink went down his little throat in spite of the remonstrances of his bird comrades.

"In a little while he topped over drunk. Then his mates began to chatter and scold harder than ever. But try as they would, it was impossible to waken him. Not another one of the whole flock of birds would take the smallest sip of wine from the broken bottle. After a little," continued grandma, stroking Ruth's hand lovingly, because she was such a tender-hearted little girl, "the birds, seeing they could do nothing for their drunken comrade, flew away and were gone for some time. When they returned, they brought reinforcements."

"What's reinforcements?" questioned Robert, who always wanted to know the meaning of words.

"It means help, dearie, in one way or another. In this case it meant more birds. They had been after more birds to help arouse their drunken brother. You see, the birds knew that something was wrong, and that was why they wanted help."

"Men don't always do that way, do they, grandma?" said Ruth, nodding her head emphatically, as she rocked to and fro in her little rocker before the glowing wood fire.

"Men ought to know better than to drink whisky and beer, anyway!" stoutly declared Robert, with a sniff that told much.

"But sometimes men are not strong enough to resist temptation, when whisky is set before them," replied grandma, "and I'm sorry to say that men are not always as kind to help their fallen brother as these much despised little sparrows were to help their tiny mate. But you must listen or supper will be ready before we are through with our story.

When the birds came back with reinforcements, they began to pull at the drunken bird's wing in a way that meant business. At last, by dint of pulling and working, they finally reached the gutter at the back of the saloon where a stream of water was slowly making its way into the sewer. Into this small stream of water they pushed the drunken bird, in such a position, however, that he would not drown. Then they began to chatter and scold as if they were discussing the matter. Great was their delight when he opened his eyes. They chattered as if they knew he was coming to all right. But their voices took on a different sound when he fell back once more in a stupor. At last, after several attempts, the poor fellow was able to stand up and hop about. After a little, he hopped up on the bank. Then from that he flew to the tree. Still, his companions watched and stayed by him. When finally he was free from the effects of the wine, so that he could fly about a bit, their delight was complete. But it was at least two hours from the time he became drunk until he was able to fly away with his mates."

When grandma had finished the story, both children were so quiet that she knew they were thinking of the lesson in the story. "What lesson does the story teach, my dearies?"

"Not to drink the dirty old stuff!" answered Robert decisively.

"I know what it teaches, grandma," whispered Ruth, as she looked up into her dear grandma's face. Then she raised her voice a wee bit: "It teaches that we mustn't grow discouraged in trying to get our friends to be good. The drunken bird wouldn't have got up so soon if the others hadn't helped him." And just at that moment they heard the call of the supper bell.—The Union Signal.

"TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP."

"You think I'm dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show,
Because I stoop
And my branches droop,
And the dull, gray mosses over me grow;
But I'm alive in trunk and shoot.
The bud of next May
I fold away,
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade;
But under the ground
I'm safe and sound,
With the snows thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here,
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I'm dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own.
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plump seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours.
You will see me again;
I shall laugh at you then
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

—Ex.

HUMOROUS.

"Do you assimilate your food, aunty?"
"No, I doesn't, sah. I buys it open an' honest, sah."

Mother Bird—"Run along and play now; but be careful you don't get run over by any of those flying machines."

"Women must consider it a dreadful fate to be old maids," mused Mr. Chugwater. "They do, Josiah," said Mrs. Chugwater. "Look what terrible noodles they sometimes marry to escape it."—Stray Stories.

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